

# THE LILY

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

VOL. VII.]

RICHMOND, IND., APRIL 15, 1855.

[NO. 8.]

## THE LILY.

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Corresponding Editor.

### DONT BE DISCOURAGED.

BY G. W. KNAPP.

I saw a child of merry years,  
In infancy's unclouded prime,  
It heeded not its mocking fears,  
But by the chairs began to climb.

Then turning away a step 'twould take,  
And tumble over on the floor,  
Another effort then 'twould take,  
Enwisdome by this bit of lore.

The chair rounds with its tiny hands,  
'Twould grasp and raise itself again;  
A moment thus it struggling stands  
To tell th' exulting thought within.

Then shoves the chair along the floor,  
And totters after in great glee;  
Now turns away, and as before,  
Illustrates laws of gravity.

Nor mindeth its repeated falls,  
But strives, and strives, and strives again;  
From chair to chair, along the walls,  
Its balance striving to retain.

The guerdon of its future weal—  
To stand erect as human kind,  
It strove with a most untiring zeal,  
Nor failures made to creep resigned.

And soon, by striving constantly,  
It stood erect with ease and grace;  
Nor simply walked but easily  
It sped along with rapid pace.

O! ye whose heart doth ever quail,  
While training nimbly to "run alone,"  
Let not your courage ever fail,  
Take lessons of the little one.

Think not at once to rise and run,  
Nor heed repeated tumble-downs;  
'Tis not the way the prize is won,—  
If 'twere 'twould often fall to clowns.

Who wins the prize must run the race;  
Who runs the race must practice long  
To poise himself with easy grace,  
And make the mind's nerves firm & strong.

The lithe and prancing, agile steed,  
To give his muscles vim and force,  
Is daily coursed, to give him speed,  
And fit him for the turling course.

The nerves that quail, soon reconciled  
To do their task, will brook the rein;  
Take lessons of the toddling child,  
Tho' stumbling oft, up, up again!

For the Lily.

### Letter from Mrs. Gage.

DEAR MRS. BIRDSALL.—It is Sabbath afternoon, but I feel like preaching a short sermon that shall reach the hearts of a larger congregation than was ever assembled within any four walls of the universe. Oh! that I had genius and talent to breathe into my words inspiration that would impel every lip that reads to echo them, every printer to republish them, till the woeful tale should reach its millions and its hundreds of millions, as well as the readers of the Lily.

My chamber window, where I usually write, looks out upon Chestnut street. Immediately below us are two vacant lots, which enable us to see down the street a half mile or more. Just now, as I sat reading, I saw in the distance a man and woman coming slowly up the walk. His wavering uncertain gait claimed my attention and I watched them as they approached; he was well dressed, large, good and respectable looking. She was also well dressed, young and fair. Near them and evidently of their party, was a second well dressed lady. The man was drunk, and they were a half hour or more getting him over two squares, swearing, flourishing his cane, stopping on the sidewalk, interfering with others, stopping his wife, cursing her, taking rudely hold of her, and finally, when within speaking distance, coming to a halt, and refusing to go on without another drink, and keeping her there to be gazed at by the gaping crowd just coming from church, for half an hour. Men by the dozen passed them by—men, the voters of St. Louis—men, the church goers of St. Louis—men, the husbands—men, the fathers—men, the sons of mothers—men who claim to be the protectors of women; what did they do?—'Passed by on the other side,' every one of them. Some with a smile, as if such a scene was funny—some with a sneer as if it were shameful—some with low muttered words of condemnation; one man turned and looked back saying, "he ought to be taken care of;" a companion replied, "taint best to interfere," and puffing their cigars, with a few muttered expressions and a loud laugh, they passed. Again and again the wife started, but he each time caught her with his drunken grasp, and she waited and seemed to plead. She was weeping, but no look or action displayed anger or coarseness. At length they moved away—he flourishing his cane over his head, swearing and talking obscenely; ever and anon pushing his wife off the pavement, and turning with facetiousness and beastly drollery to the other woman, who seemed unwilling to leave her friend in this hour of her mortification and misery.

We often read the tale of murder or brutality, that chills our blood, and makes our whole soul sick with the demoniac effect of the liquor traffic; but a sight like this stirs agony of another kind. Here upon the street, exposed to the glare of day, we have the exposure of that woman's home life. One case, out of thousands similar, in these United States. This man would not have been called a real drunkard. No. His face, his whole appearance betokened him not one who had rolled in the gutter; but one whom that trusting, loving woman had gone forth on Sabbath morning, with hopes, perhaps, of spending a pleasant hour—per-

chance to church, may be to see a sick friend, we know not what, and by the way he had found the tempter and yielded, and her soul is harrowed to the core; every chord of life is strung with intense misery, quivering and ready to burst asunder under the accumulated weight of woe. How she seemed to shrink and cower as the people passed by! How she turned her face to the wall to avoid their gaze! How she yielded to his grip, lest he should strike her there, and become amenable to the law! The law of our land—of our christianity—which knows no mental sufferings, recognizes no heart sorrow, no, not even the blood of the demon-tongue that strikes life from the fainting, suffering heart. The husband must strike a blow with his hand or use violence on the flesh, ere civilized humanity will recognize a harm done a wife.

More than one thousand, aye, two thousand, if not many more men of this city, will go home to their wives this night in a state little short, if any, of the brutal insanity which characterizes this man. But in the home, that sanctuary of both love and hate, that screen of both caresses and curses, the wife will become the recipient of the madness and folly, and groan out a Sabbath night of mortification, humiliation, degradation and abuse that the world's eye will neither see or hear. Many a wife will receive the poison to night which the licensed rum-seller has sold to her destroyer, which is not arsenic or strychnine, but will as surely, though perchance more slowly and torturingly sap the foundations of life and, and lay her in a premature grave. Many a child—but I must stop. Public opinion will not allow the whole to be spoken. To "tell the truth, the whole truth," is unpopular. But the future will speak trumpet-tongued.

Had the woman on the pavement to-day been any other than the man's wife, scarce a man would have passed by without offering help; but she was his by-law—his by public opinion, and who dared interfere?

Why did she not call the police?

For the same reason given by Biddy O'Rion: "What's the use of policean him? He would only bate me the more some day or night, when there was no witness, or take the children from me heart, and wring the soul out of me, and then make me work to pay his fine as he did afore."

It is not the occasional murder, not the turning of wife and children out of doors; not the blow struck in anger now and then, that should so stir our hearts to action to work for woman, but the days and weeks and months and years of wretchedness—the entailment of disease—the destroying of the hope and energy and love of the wife and mother, and she compelled to meet all difficulties of law, to brave public opinion, and hear the rebuke of the Church, or suffer on till death unrivets the chain, once of love and trust, now of bitterness and hate. Have "women rights enough?" I never hear that remark but I look into the speaker's face to see if she have a soul. If women had a right to their children, to their own labor, would they hear and endure what they do now? If woman had the right of suffrage, would grog-shops adorn the corners of our cities? And yet, oh! shame to tell it, a woman stood in our midst a few



days ago, (Mrs. Sarah H. Shepherd,) and said she did not believe in woman's rights." A woman pleading for the Maine law, and yet, denying to women the power to protect herself! As if man in his might, could not any day or any hour restore to himself the drunkard's right to wither woman's hopes, and destroy her happiness.

Oh! will woman never waken from her long degrading sleep, and see and feel that only in her own inherent right, equality with man to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," can she have full security for the future?

Many of the States have passed prohibitory laws, but may not the same men who in times past have not repudiated the idea of a man giving up his liberty—the liberty to injure himself and to destroy his family, come to the final conclusion that they have sacrificed too much, and vote back their precious power?

Woman must do her duty at home, is the cry. Six paragraphs I counted in my yesterday's mail of weeklies, concerning the virtue and potency of woman in the home—of home duties and home loves, and two direct assertions of the dereliction of home duties by women's rights women.

Did the acquisition of equal rights, of justice to man make him a worse father, husband, brother, son or citizen? If not, how dare men argue that what has elevated them, will degrade women, and make her more neglectful of home duty, more unloving or unkind. If enlarged privileges will work such direful results, is it not best to enquire have we not too much already? Perhaps, as the poet said of education, "A little freedom is a dangerous thing," and it were better we "Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring." Every thinking, generous mind, will ere long spurn the fetters with which the might of manhood has hung the better half of the soul of humanity.

FRANCES D. GAGE.

St. Louis, March 10.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

For The Lily.

#### BEAUTIES OF LAW.

BY BELIND BUDGET.

Upon one of those cold bleak days in the month of November, 18—, when a northern winter was just commencing its rigorous severity, a few individuals were gathered in the grave-yard of a small village, where they were consigning the corpse of a boy of seven years to its final resting place. Beside the narrow house stood the woe-worn mother, the only mourner present. She had neither father, mother, brother, nor sister in the wide world; and she was now among a community of strangers, very far from the land of her nativity, and the associations of earlier years. But she had a husband—oh, yes! she had a husband—and he was now, even now, at this dreadful hour, an inmate of the bar-room, and helpless from the effects of the accursed cup; and it was the knowledge of this that had mingled the last harsh drop in the bitterness of her grief—that had swept the last scathing blast of agony over her soul, and dried, as with a "Simoon's" breath, the fountain of her tears.

She had wept in days gone by, when her darling was suffering with the agonies of disease, while a ray of hope was yet left of his recovery—yes, even when that last cheering ray faded and went out, she wept. She wept in the dying hour, when the little arms were twined about her neck, and the parting kiss pressed upon her lips—and when the half glazed orbs tired of wandering round the vacant dwelling, had fixed their restless gaze on hers, and the lips feebly and imploringly murmured—

"I do want to see my father!"

Then, as in the deep choking, smothering agony of a breaking heart, she faltered—

"Oh my child! my darling precious child! your father is not here."

She wept—aye, wept, burning, burning tears; and as she sat beside the cold clay, alone in the poverty stricken wretchedness of a drunkard's dwelling, she could yet weep. But now; oh, now, as she took a last, fond, lingering look of the perishable treasure which, in the exquisite tenderness of a mother's holy love, she had so often pressed

to her heart—as she saw one after another the shovels of earth slowly filling the receptacle, while he, who bore the tender name of husband and father, came not near—when she reflected that the arm that should have been a stay to her trembling form, was itself weak and palsied with the tempters' chains; that the tears that should have been mingled with hers, were consumed by the fires of rum; and that the lips that should breathe sweet words of consolation, would only be unclosed to mutter curses upon her and her darlings' memory. Oh! as in the full glare of all their fearful reality, these truths came rushing o'er her in her desolation, tears, the luxury of tears, was denied her. Nature, true to her own laws, withheld this precious mourning offering—the fountain was sealed in the mother's heart, and only the low moanings of despair, mingled with the sound of the earth that fell upon the coffin lid, while the tearless orbs were resting their wild and steady gaze upon the little mound rising before them.

The burial was completed, and the mother turned homeward. The few friends manifested a deep sympathy for her situation, and entreated her to become a guest at their houses until quiet and rest should better enable her to bear her bereavement. But the wretched being sought not rest—the gloomy desolation of the place she acknowledged as home, was more in unison with the hearts' emotions, than the comfortable dwellings and plentiful boards of the sympathizer. She went to her empty house with only one friend accompanying her, and this was a woman who, like herself, had suffered much from the effects of intemperance.

One wild, prolonged wail of agony burst from her lips as she seated herself again by the bed where for two weeks past, she had watched her sick boy. Then she exclaimed—

"Oh the curse, the unequalled curse of the rum traffic! Twice did I go to that tavern while my child was sick, and plead with that man not to let my husband have any more liquor. Once he promised he would not, but he did, and when I went afterwards, he told me never to enter his house again, and cursed me before heaven. But I will go—I will go now from the grave of my darling; I will make one last effort to save my husband, one last plea to the wretch who has made him forget his only dying child, and his once loved and idolized wife."

"I will go with you," responded her companion.

A few moments walk and the two were in the bar-room of a fashionable hotel. The drunken husband, when he saw his wife enter, made an effort to rise from his seat, but he fell upon the floor. The bar tender was smilingly filling the cup for other customers, while the landlord, seated in an easy chair, was busily smoking a cigar. As they entered he rose, and facing the trembling creature, resolutely confronted her with the determined air of a fiend.

"I told you never to be seen in my house again," said he, advancing a step toward the woman.

"I have buried my dead alone! How can I stay in my miserable home, while the father of my dead child is drinking the cup of death daily at your hand? Oh, my child! my child! How could you keep its father away, when he called for him with his last dying breath?"

"Stop your cursed abuse. I did not know that your child was dead," thundered the monster.

"But you knew that you were killing him. I told you when I was here before, that my darling cold and hungry; but you took his father's money, and gave him rum instead of bread."

"Out of my house this instant" said the demon, and then followed a low slang of abusive, insulting language from his venomous lips.

Calmly, and firmly she stepped from the threshold. The imploring look had passed from her features—the pleading words had died on her tongue. Perhaps a shadow of earlier years flitted before her—a shadow of the days when she was a wealthy, beautiful, idolized woman, when that sottish, degraded being before her, was a proud and loving husband. Is it a wonder, reader, that there was rekindled a spark of passion, that sorrow and want had not utterly killed out from her lacerated heart? Is it a wonder that the worm offers a puny resistance to the foot that has crushed it, al-

though it be still writhing in agony? One fiery glance of determined revenge flashing from the madness of desperation was cast upon the dealer in blood and souls; then raising her meager arm toward Heaven, she exclaimed—

"As true as you have consumed, in the heart of your victim, the love of husband and father with your liquid fire, so true, e'er one week more of time shall have rolled over your head, this arm of mine shall feed a fire that shall consume this den of iniquity from off the earth."

"You would do better building a fire to boil the tea-kettle for your husband's supper, than in house burning," followed by a loud laugh, was the taunting reply.

"Do not talk so," said her friend as they walked away.

"I will, so help me Heaven!" and her companion trembled beneath the wild radiance of the black orbs, contrasted vividly with the marble paleness of the woe-impressed countenance.

About an hour after this the inebriate husband was seen tottering towards home, and the female friend likewise returned to her family, leaving the miserable couple alone. Night came, and the liquor dealer and his household retired to rest enjoying many a jest about a "woman's threats."

The woman who had returned to her family was restless with the exciting scenes of the day. The sorrows of her afflicted friend bore heavily upon her heart, and then the recollection of the fearful threats made her tremble, lest indeed she should witness their execution. She heard the village clock as it noted the hour of two. She arose and sat for a moment at her window, looking out toward the hotel. Calmness and repose rested upon all visible things—nature, animate, and inanimate, seemed clothed in profoundest slumber. For a moment she caught the glimmering of a light in the wood house of the hotel—it disappeared—she was shivering with cold—the light was doubtless in the hands of some of the family—she sought her bed again, and strove to close her eyes in sleep, but in vain. Again the strokes of the clock told another hour had gone. Fire light was shining upon her window. The wood house and roof of the main building of the hotel was in a sheet of flame, and the wind was blowing a gentle gale.

"Fire!" she shouted with all the strength she could command. Another moment, and scores of voices re-echoed her words—but the firemen were marshaled, and the villagers gathered in vain. The gale increased, and the flames rolled higher, and required the exertions of all to save the surrounding building. The hotel was consumed with all its appertences, the inmates only escaping with their lives.

The next day was one of intense excitement—a woman was arrested as an incendiary; and, after an examination, was lodged in jail to await for three weeks, the assembling of the juries, that were to decide as to her guilt. The rum-seller talked about his insurance money, cursed Ben Clifton's wife anew, and talked about being revenged when she should be in States prison. The old toppers left without their bitters, congregated at the corners of the streets to talk about Ben Clifton's fool of a wife; while Ben Clifton, getting more sober than for three weeks previous, walked out to see where they had buried his boy, and returned to the jail to shed tears of penitence before his wife.

The newspapers were eloquent in heralding the fact that the new and splendid hotel of Mr. A— was utterly destroyed by fire. That it was the work of an incendiary—and strange to say, that incendiary was a woman. One editor who had always been particularly zealous in keeping woman in her appropriate sphere; intimated that public sentiment was such that she could not obtain bail for her appearance at court, and that she would probably have her lodgings in jail till she was conducted to a home where she would be furnished with more womanly employment than that of building fires in the night; and after being very specific and pointed in his remarks, for the benefit of women in general, he added:

"But I do hope for the benefit of others, that this woman will be made an example of, and will receive the severest sentence of the law, applicable to her offense."



The jurors were assembled, and the criminal was before them to answer to the accusation of her guilt. But who were the jurors, and who was the criminal? Why, the jurors were a number of men answering to certain qualifications, chosen from different towns or districts, and the criminal was a woman—once a proud, noble woman, in the first ranks of society; but now a poor drunkard's wife. Here, now, is a beautiful exemplification of that inestimable privilege—that God given equality which men, "high minded men," are so eager to claim and so eloquent to commend; aye, for which they are ready to sacrifice their possession, and to defend which, they will dare even the thundering cannon and glittering bayonet—the right of "trial by jury of ones own peers"—the right that guarantees them a hearing before their equals; men of like natures and passions as themselves, and having the same interest, rights, and privileges in society.

But how is this blessed equality to be extended to this criminal? Who, among those that sit in judgment, bears similarity in any respect to the one they are to judge? Who has been a wife, a mother? Who has endured years, and years of untold wretchedness, descending step by step with a drunken husband from a station of wealth and respectability, down to the lowest depths of poverty and degradation? Who has heard a little one ask in vain for bread, while the money that should have supplied it with the precious food was thrown in the venders till? Who has sat shivering by the decaying embers, and watched and wept, and wept, and watched alone by a sick darling, while its father was revelling in drunkenness and debauchery? Who has gone from the grave of buried treasure, and made a last imploring plea to the inhuman trafficker, and received taunting insult, and curses in return? Ah! who has? Not one of those who boasting this glorious principle of equality, are now assembled to mete out justice to the criminal before them.

Calm, and mute, and motionless as a marble statue, she sat before her accusers—but oh, what a wreck of a once beautiful woman! The thin features and attenuated form, the compressed lips, and clasped bony fingers, all combined to render the personification of misery more complete. The eye alone retained its brightness, but it was a brightness emanating from the wildness of long despair. When she placed that burning spark among those combustibles, she did it with a full knowledge of the punishment due such offence—but when life has no charms, death and prisons lose their terrors. She had nothing to left to live for but a drunken husband, and such a drunken husband as she could not hope to reform.

There might be kind hearts and benevolent faces among those who were to administer justice, but she knew it not—her disordered imagination marked them all as dire enemies. One she thought had a red face, another a red nose, and even the poorly judge wore a blossom on his cheeks too much of a brandy hue.

"All friends to the traffic!" she mentally exclaimed. "Yes, all friends to the traffic. Men, yes, men, who first gave the poisoned cup to my husband!—Men, who took the fortune I inherited from my parents, and gave me long years of wasting misery in return! Men, who took the furniture from my house, the clothing from the wardrobe, the food from myself and child! Men, who empowered that demon to erect that stately dwelling on yonder street, and pour therefrom, liquid streams of misery and death on every side! Men, and when thro' his agency the last joy of my poor life was laid waste, and exulting in my woe his vile lips uttered foul insult to my ears; then, even then, when this puny arm grem strong in desperation, and dared to revenge, who came to his rescue with the stern arm of law? Men! and now who is to meet out vengeance for my offence! Men! yes, men! Oh, how gloriously men rule the world! I had no protection from the law while he was robbing me, and starving my child. The law said not to him, stay thy hand—kindle no more thy maddening flames in that mans breast, plunge not again a dagger in that woman's heart, give back the bread to that boy, and rob no more the desolate fireside. But I am a woman—men make the laws!"

Long and exciting was the trial of the wretched

woman, for she was mistaken when she supposed that all men were her enemies. Men, true hearted, came to her defense; and many a juror, had he been at liberty to act according to his will instead of duty, would have given a verdict for her acquittal—but the jurors were sworn men, and the law must be satisfied. An imprisonment of ten years in the penitentiary was the lightest possible sentence in compliance with the law for such an offence, and the nature of the circumstances alone presented a much severer penalty. The prisoner was remanded back to jail. She was, as she had been before her trial, treated with the utmost kindness, and supplied with all necessaries for her comfort.—Five days after her sentence, the prison doors were unclosed, her freed spirit sought another world, and the poor body was laid beside the little boy.

For the The Lily.

To ———

I've seen a cloud at morning light, bedeck the eastern sky;

With golden fleece, and crimson fringe, majestic rise on high—

But as it reached meridian height, it mingled with another,

Then fading fast as west they passed, both set in gloom together.

I've seen a sportive bubbling brook, in mystic mirth flow on,

Like youthful spirit-speaking eyes, it sparkled in the sun.

But while it kissed the flowing bank, it lost its joy and glee,

By mixing with a bitter stream, flowed silent towards the sea.

I've seen the glittering dew drop pearl hang pendant from the spray;

A sunbeam shot athwart the sky, and chosed the pearl away.

Thus has the pure and spotless heart of innocence shown bright,

But buried hopes have quenched its blaze, made darkness of its light.

And thus have youth's bright visions fled, and thus fled joy and peace,

Then what shall soothe the bleeding heart, from anguish give release—

Truth, Love and Hope, will yet entwine a chaplet for the brow,

And future scenes prove far more bright, than aught that's dreamed of now.

Yes heavenly Truth will e'er remain a solace and a stay,

Will ever shield, uphold, support, till time has passed away.

And Love will woo back joy and peace, will drive away despair,

And buoyant happy life return, exempt from doubt and care.

And Hope, auspicious Hope, with her prophetic eye,

Will picture scenes of future bliss resplendent as the sky—

Adorned with pearls and rosy clouds, that ne'er will fade or flee;

And life's bright stream, through meads of flow'ers, in joy will reach the sea.

APRIL 3d, 1855. SYLVA.

#### The Illinois Prohibitory Liquor Law.

The following is a synopsis of the Prohibitory Law as it passed the Lower House on Wednesday last:

Section 1. Prohibits the making or selling of spirituous or intoxicating liquors, including ale, porter, lager beer, wine and cider.

2. Provides that cider made from apples, and wine made from grapes and currants grown or gathered in this state, may be made and sold in quantities not less than "five gallons," which shall be taken away at one time.

3. That importers may sell any and all liquors, imported under the laws of the U. S., the same being and remaining in the original vessels in which it was imported, and in said quantities only.

4, 5 and 6. Authorizes county courts, boards of supervisors, organized towns and cities to appoint

agents to sell, for sacramental, medicinal, chemical and mechanical purposes only, defining the manner of such appointment and its duties. Requiring such agent to keep a correct account of liquors purchased, from whom, and the price thereof, and also of all quantities sold, and to whom, and for what purpose, and requires all liquors to be sold at not less than 25 per cent above cost, the proceeds to be paid into the treasury, making the penalty for false statement to the agent by the purchaser, \$50.

7. That whoever violates this law in the manufacture of liquors, for the first offence shall forfeit \$100, in default of payment, be imprisoned 60 days. For the second offence \$200, and in default of payment four months imprisonment, and for each subsequent offence \$200 and four months imprisonment.

8. That any person violating in the sale giving away liquors, shall forfeit for the first offence \$50, for the second offence \$100, and for each subsequent offence \$200, and imprisonment not less than three or more than six months.

9. That no person shall own or keep liquors for the purpose of selling or giving away, under the same penalty as section 8: provided further, that when such offences takes place within the limits of a city, the offenders shall be committed to jail until the fines and costs are paid.

10, 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16. Provides for appeals, the manner of making complaints, for making search, and proceedings generally; and in case of conviction, for imprisonment in the jail.

11. Declares all liquors and the vessels holding the same, a nuisance, and forfeits the same to the city, town or county.

17. Makes it the duty of all police officers to arrest without warrant, all intoxicated persons, and keep them in custody until sober, when they may be brought before a magistrate to testify against the person furnishing the liquor, and on refusal to testify, he shall be prosecuted for being intoxicated. Penalty \$20.

19. Makes it the duty of sheriffs, deputy sheriffs or constables, and all police officers in cities, upon reasonable proof represented, to make complaints, institute and carry on prosecutions, under a penalty of not less than twenty-five dollars, nor more than one hundred, and provided further, that all officers convicted in the circuit court, for not performing said duties, shall by said court be removed, and ever after be disqualified for the office in this state.

20. Provided that no person shall be allowed to sit as juror, in any trial under violations of this law, who has at any time within a year previous to said trial, been engaged in the unlawful making or selling of liquors.

25. Makes all payment or compensation for liquors sold in violation of this law, recoverable by the purchaser of such liquors, from the vender thereof, and all transfers of real estate, and securities of every kind, null and void, when made in payment for liquors sold in violation of this law.

25. Provides for fining all officers who do not arrest intoxicated persons, \$20, and also the intoxicated person in a similar sum.

27, 28, 29 and 30. Give power to corporations and counties to purchase liquors to be sold, to make search under certain circumstances without warrant.

31. Prohibits all persons connected with or in the employ of railroad companies, teamsters, stage drivers, and common carriers of any kind, from bringing into the State any thing prohibited by this law, under penalties of one and two hundred dollars; and imprisonment not less than six months.

35. Provides that no change of venue shall be allowed from one justice to another.

36. Repeals all license laws.

37. Exempts officers from prosecution for performing their duties.

38. Provides for married women and widows.

39. That the provisions of this act shall take effect on the first Monday in July next, "Provided that if a majority of the ballots be deposited as hereinafter provided, shall be against prohibition, then this act shall take effect on the second Monday of January, A. D., 1857."

40. Provides for voting for or against the law on the first Monday of June next.



# THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND., APRIL 15, 1855.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Many thanks to E. D. Wilch of Otsego, Mich., who has since the first of the year sent us eighteen subscribers. She remarks that the Lily will bloom in many a home this season.

Emma C. Card, now of Rushville, Ind., says it is at last spring, indeed, may be she can, around her new home find genial sports into which to transplant more *Lilies*.

L. Lamphere, will find that letter from Michigan, acknowledged in Lily for March 15, and the papers have been regularly forwarded to the ladies.

LAW OF DESCENT, from "Yelverton" is received too late for this number. The author will receive our thanks and the assurance of a standing welcome to our Lily circle.

"Our Joette"—The continuing chapter of Mrs. Gage's story has not come to hand, at this date. Look for it in our next.

MRS. BLOOMER has, we presume, ere this said the *farewell* to many bound to her by warm and holy ties, and left her native State, for one in the far North-west. As it is the noble nature and the glad true heart that makes the home *sweet home*, we are sure that her hearth stone will be baptized with holy waters, and that the most choice blessings will rest upon her household.

We have not heard from her for some time, but we feel confident she will not forget the disfranchised. May good health, now in the prime years of her life, enable her to continue her useful labors.

Since writing the above, an article from Mrs. Bloomer came to hand.

## The Question.

Why don't the Lily come? is the burthen of many a letter. Why, indeed, friends, we did not know you wished it. We are careful not to visit after our invitation has expired, and as this is so easily renewed, we merely tarry awhile in the *sanctum*, until we receive again the assurance of a welcome to your homes.

Subscriptions are expiring with every issue, and if those who like our Lily will promptly send their names again, before their year is out, it would save us considerable trouble, as well as give us the cheering assurance that they intend to support liberally a woman's advocate.

LECTURERS on the subject of Woman's Rights have a call to Danville, Livingston county, N. Y. Any who can make it a point in their tour, will meet with a sister in Mrs. Lydia E. Bristol, of that place. An inquiry is made whether Mrs. Gage will travel any in that direction this summer. This we cannot answer.

A good life is the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy, and temperance the best medicine. R. T. C.

A few moments of divine sweetness in secret prayer is an antidote to any sorrow or trouble.

## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WATERLOO, N. Y., March 19.

Traveling and visiting are not very favorable to writing, and as I have been wholly occupied with the former of late, the latter has been almost entirely neglected.

I have been spending the winter mostly in Seneca county, at the homes of numerous and dear friends, in whose society time has sped rapidly and happily away.

The weather has continued raw and cold, making a warm stove room the most desirable place that could be found. Winter still lingers in the lap of spring; the roads are still covered with ice, and the fields with snow. The people have enjoyed the luxury of sleighing to the full, and now look forward with longing to the time when winter shall take his departure, and the bright and genial sunshine appear. It has been a hard winter for the poor, and even those in better circumstances find that having to pay twelve dollars a barrel for flour, and eighteen dollars a ton for hay, draws heavily upon the last year's earnings. May the coming season prove a more fortunate one for all classes of people.

I made a very pleasant visit the latter part of February, to friends in the vicinity of Aurora, Cayuga county. That good friend of Woman's cause, Mrs. M. S. Beatty, had arranged for me a series of meetings, and it afforded me much gratification to be able to fill the appointments. I lectured six evenings on Temperance and Woman's Rights, and in each instance to large audiences. Much interest in both subjects was manifested, and I shall bear to the latest day of my life a remembrance of the warm-hearted kindness with which I was greeted by the friends during this visit. The weather was exceedingly cold, but the hearts of the people were warm and true, and I found it exceedingly difficult to tear myself away from their midst.

It is truly surprising to see the tenacity with which the passage of the Maine Law is opposed in this State. It was the great question at the election last fall. Gov. Seymour, who vetoed the law passed in 1854, did not receive a third of the votes cast. Myron H. Clark, a thorough temperance man, was elected to fill his place. The old Senate which passed the bill of last year, held over, and the choice of Representatives to the Lower House, resulted, as subsequent events have shown, in selecting a large majority of members friendly to the Maine Law. The Assembly thus elected fresh from the people, passed some weeks since a stringent prohibitory law, and it went then to the Senate. Here the friends of the measure supposed all was safe. They did not dream that the men who voted for a similar law last year, would vote against it this year. But they were doomed to a cruel disappointment. After being received from the House, the bill was first sent to a committee, where it was suffered to lie for some time. Finally, it was agreed to take it up for consideration. The day and hour was fixed, and the Senate Chamber was crowded to overflowing with men and women anxious to listen to the proceedings. Then it was that the treachery of some of the former friends first became apparent. Three Senators who last year voted for the law, successively arose in their places, and declared that they would not vote for the law unless all those provisions authorizing the search, seizure and destruction of liquors were stricken out. The friends of the measure of course resisted these notions with

earnestness; and the debate upon these went on for two days. Both branches of the Legislature then adjourned for a week to make their annual visit to New York. The city papers are filled with the doings of the members while in the metropolis, and all agree that their presence was attended by scenes the most disgraceful. At the public dinners provided for them, great quantities of wines and liquors were drank, and on one occasion the ordinary interchange of sentiment was entirely prevented, and the gathering broken up by the infamous conduct of those who had lost their reason, and drowned all sense of decency in the intoxicating cup. What effect these shameful exhibitions of the doings of rum will have upon the Senate, remains to be seen. By some it is thought that it will urge that body on to pass the law immediately, but I fear it is hoping for too much to expect such a result. The fact is, the Maine law has, to some extent, been made a hobby of by politicians, and the claims of justice and right are sacrificed without remorse to satisfy the ambition of this or that man, or this or that party. The true friends of the measure, however, remain steadfast. Gov. Clark has published a letter declaring himself in favor of the law before the Senate, and the President of the State Temperance Society has published an earnest call to the friends of the law to rally to the Capital, and use their influence in its favor. What result these efforts will have, or whether New York is to be redeemed from the curse of alcohol, none can tell.

The subject of Woman's Rights has also again been brought before the Legislature of the Empire State. Early in February several thousand petitions for the just and equal rights of woman, and also the granting to her the right of suffrage were presented to the Assembly. They were referred to a special committee of seven, and a few evenings after, this committee held a public meeting in the Capitol. Rev. Antoinette L. Brown and Ernestine Rose addressed the members present in earnest advocacy of the rights of woman, and from all accounts made a most favorable impression. The committee, I understand, have unanimously determined to report a bill granting equal property rights to woman, and if the Legislature can be brought to act upon it, there can be little doubt of its passage.

The county meetings held throughout the State this winter, have proved quite successful. The one held in this place a few days since was largely attended by the most intelligent people of the village. It was the first Woman's Rights meeting ever held here, but I think it will not be the last. The facts and arguments spread out before the people will not be lost. The minds of many are being turned to the subject here as everywhere, and not a few are enquiring, "Can these things be so?" Most people go to these meetings with strong prejudices against the views of those who get them up, but these prejudices are almost always, if not dispelled, at least greatly softened down and modified.

We leave here to-morrow morning for our new home in the "Far West." The trunks and traveling bags are all packed, and naught remains but to take a long and perhaps a last farewell of friends dearly loved. Oh! the sorrow, the heart agony of parting with dear friends—with brothers and sisters, and father and mother, and all we have best known and loved! Yet I have schooled my heart to endure bravely this great sorrow, and to look with hope and trust to the future. I go forth



cheerfully to seek a home in a strange land, feeling that it matters little what part of the great vineyard our lot is cast, and knowing that warm and true hearts beat in the bosoms of many with whom we shall hereafter mingle. We go not alone to the new settlements of the West—thousands are wending their way thither as fast as steam can carry them, and very soon places that a short time since were without inhabitants, save the red man who roves at will over its vast plains, will teem with life and bustle, and give evidence of a prosperous and enterprising people.

My post office address in future will be in Council Bluffs, Iowa, of which place I shall probably give some account hereafter.

A. B.

The following letter we intended an earlier insertion, but our columns are very much crowded, and our friends are frequently obliged to wait, sometimes weeks:

AURORA, 3d month, 11, '55.

M. B. BIRDSALL—*Editor of the Lily*: We have just had the pleasure, and I trust the instructive one, of the company of Amelia Bloomer. She was with us over a week, and lectured to crowded audiences in our conservative village of Aurora, three times. Her health did not permit her to speak on the first appointment, and her husband gratified a large audience by giving them a description of the surrounding country at Council Bluffs, their future home. She spoke two evenings at Sherwood's Corners and one at Talcott, to crowded houses.

They seemed, in their quiet attention, to drink in those important truths uttered in behalf of woman, and I mistake if there has not been a feeling awakened that will not slumber until woman is more rightfully represented, both in the family and State.

Oh, for more such women in the field, now already white with ripening harvest. Her lady-like and Christian-like demeanor added interest to the cause, and very much endeared her to myself as well as others with whom she held social communion.

But I fear unless the balmy atmosphere of our western prairies renovates her health, it will be long, if ever, ere we see her face, or hear her earnest tone for woman again.

Why wilt thou sleep the sleep of death, oh! woman?  
Gird on thine armor, be content with husks no longer,  
But let thy brother see the immutable laws of right are thine,  
Will'd thee by thy God.

MARTHA.

MRS. ERNESTINE L. ROSE.—The Binghampton (N. Y.) Standard of the 21st March, notices at length Mrs. Rose's lecture at that place, with many commendatory remarks. The Standard says:

"She denied that man could represent woman, and in support of this position referred at length to the legal disabilities to which she was subjected. Until 1840, a married woman could not in this State hold real estate in her own name. This right was granted, after eleven years of agitation and petitioning by woman. Many women refused to sign the petitions, because, as they said, 'they had rights enough;' but when public sentiment became so far advanced as to grant the right, then all acknowledged it to be just. The statute book allows any person to make a will, except a man of unsound mind, infants and married women. If her husband dies, she is entitled to a small interest in his real estate, while she lives; notwithstanding it may all have been hers originally. She is also entitled to one cow, one bed, six chairs, six cups and saucers, six spoons, &c. What she claimed was, to be placed on an equal footing with her husband in relation to their mutual property after the death of either party.

For the Lily.

## A MORAL RARITY.

BY JOE, A JERSEY MUTE.

She is 20 years of age, is Lizzie. Has a dignified—some folks say, haughty expression of countenance. Smiles when spoken to, and that full of meaning; devoid of affectation, and truthful. Talks much, and on every subject with which she is acquainted. Is fond of reading, and delights to dabble in literature. Has seen better days. Supports herself and family by sewing. Sends her little sisters to school, and pays the expenses of their education out of her own purse. Feeds and clothes a widowed mother, a stout, tall brother, and five as pretty and healthy sisters as ever lived. Loves her brother and sisters with a sister's affection. Unmarried—ought to get married at this time—but none of my business. Several men of excellent education made love to her, but they were obliged to beat a retreat. There's no knowing why she rejected them. She is good looking, with large blue eyes, and dark brow. Skin remarkably soft and transparently clear. Feet small and pretty. Head large and well proportioned. Hands small and white; plump in the back. Complexion a delicate olive. When she smiles, she looks "passing sweet;" but, frowning, her face is a thunder of a face, which gives you the dim outlines of a proud spirit within her. She behaves like a lady, and has a peculiar knack of enslaving the heart of every person who visits her. Knows well how to entertain company at her house. Delights by her conversation. Writes easily and gracefully; writes rapidly; writes a handsome hand. Every body who knows her loves her, and speaks of her in terms of high praise. On the whole, wonderful woman is Lizzie.

This is a *bona fide* picture of a graduate of the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Philadelphia. To show the estimation in which she is held by her friends, I will give you a few brief extracts from lengthy opinions given by her friends. A well known poet wrote to me as follows: "Lizzie is a very amiable and highly accomplished young lady." In a letter written to me last summer, the editor of "The Spirit of '76" said, "I beg to assure you that I feel for Lizzie a high regard, and am proud of her." A gentleman of brilliant talents said of her, "she is all Greek." The editor of an influential newspaper printed in the town where Lizzie lives said, "she is the most noble-hearted lady I have ever seen. She is an excellent scholar." Many ladies say that they admire her. They go further and declare that if she should ever be disposed to enter upon married life, she will make her spouse one of the happiest husbands. Lizzie is certainly a remarkable woman, taking into account her deaf-dumbness and consequent incapability to learn every thing through the medium of the ear.

Deaf &amp; Dumb Institute, Philadelphia.

## A Persian Precept.

Forgive thy foes—not that alone—  
Their evil deeds with good repay,  
Fill those with joy who love thee none,  
And kiss the hand upraised to slay.

So does the fragrant sandal bow,  
In meek forgiveness to its doom;  
And o'er the axe, at every blow,  
Shed in abundance rich perfume.

SAVING A MAN.—I would rather convince a man that he has a soul to save, and induce him to live up to that belief, than to bring him over to my opinion in whatever else beside.—*Leighton.*

For the Lily.

## The Intellectual Powers of Woman.

Mankind were ever prone to believe that the mind of woman had a much narrower scope for its exercise than man's, and that little mental cultivation was necessary to fit her for the duties of life. These erroneous opinions have degraded the female sex, and have prevented the development of those powers with which the Creator endowed them, for wise and noble purposes, consequently their real capabilities have not been known.

The deficiency in mental energy which the history of woman presents, is no certain evidence of her being "originally inferior" to man. Were man confined within the narrow limits of Woman's Sphere, would he not in one century find his "intellect bearing the same characteristics?" The established rules of society, the condition of woman, the occupations of her life, the advantages of education possessed by her, have ever been such as to render it impossible for her to devote herself as man has, to literary pursuits, to improvements in the arts, or to the exercise of her mechanical or inventive genius. Her limited opportunities of mental culture have not done justice to her intellectual powers.

She has been subjected to a discipline less severe, and that for a much shorter time than is allowed to man, and has necessarily pursued her course of study in such haste, (often under the instruction of minds feebly developed,) that even with diligence and close application, she has acquired but little knowledge, and has left school, and her education has been considered finished, and she matured for the responsible duties of life, about the same age that man commences his college course; during which for several years he is under the instruction and influence of the strongest minds, and those best cultivated.

As man starts in his intellectual career a vast and unbounded prospect spreads itself before him, which grows more inviting as he advances; the avenues to fortune and to fame are open to him; his sphere is world-wide. Not so with woman.

Custom which has wielded the sceptre of universal dominion over all, has prescribed woman's bounds regardless of her taste or capacities, has restricted her to a few occupations in which she is poorly remunerated, and which are insufficient to call into action all her energies. When she ventured on forbidden territory and began to write for publication, she met with more opposition and ridicule than she now does on account of public speaking. Some who were armed with firmness and independence as with a coat of mail, fearless of the attacks of public opinion, over-stepped the prescribed bounds, and amid adverse circumstances, have arisen to eminence in literary attainments and heroic achievements, and their names are enrolled among the renowned in the world's history.

But custom, which has long interfered with the progress of human mind, reigns no longer with undisputed sway. The nineteenth century is producing great changes. It is ardently hoped that new laws will soon be enacted, founded on humanity, which will give to woman those rights and privileges which belong to her in all the relations of life, and that suitable advantages of education will be afforded her, that she may rise to her proper position, and thus be better qualified to labor for the moral and intellectual elevation of her race.

J. M. VAIL.

Branchport, N. Y., March 28th, 1855.

BOYS AND BIRDS.—"In traveling from New Hampshire from Franconia to the Connecticut river," said a gentleman, "I noticed the bird nests that stood by the road-side, and felt delighted with the evidence which they gave of the good qualities of the mothers and children who live there. I noticed the nest of a bird within three feet of the front door of a dwelling. How confident was that dear little bird—well did it know that the good mother of that household had trained up her children in the way they should go."

TRUTH.—Truth is establishment by investigation and delay; Falsehood prospers by precipitancy.—*Tacitus.*



For the Lily.

**Dr. Nott on the Sphere of Woman—No. 1.**

Under the above heading, there are going the rounds of the newspapers a few paragraphs upon the sphere of woman, which purport to be from the Reverend Octogenarian under whose name they are placed. Whether originally written or spoken, or when or where, or upon what occasion, is not made known. Nor is there anything important in that omission, as they contain nothing but the common place sentiments upon that subject, without any thing particularly to distinguish them, except, perhaps, the elegant diction for which the Reverend Doctor has been so long distinguished. They are not, however, published on that account, nor because they contain anything new, but obviously because of the name under which they are ostentatiously paraded—not by the author of them, but by those who rely more upon the authority of a name to perpetuate prejudices, than upon truth or propriety.

There is nothing remarkable in the fact that Dr. Nott should entertain and utter such notions. His youth, his maturity, and his old age have all been passed under the influence of a public sentiment which never, till very recently, questioned such doctrines, any more than the rude and uncultivated views of the Indian permit of a doubt but that the squaw should perform the humbler services, and never aspire, either on this or the other side of the "cloud-capped hills," to the dignity of the "happy hunting grounds." It would be remarkable if he did not entertain such notions, whether he expressed them or not. We do not, therefore, propose to make the paragraphs referred to the subject of comment, because of the singularity either of the sentiments expressed, or of the source to which they are attributed, but because they are the fair embodiment of some of the popular errors against which the woman's rights agitation is directed, authoritatively made and proclaimed, in a manner which peculiarly favors a demonstrative exposition of their fallacies.

The first paragraph to which we invite attention is the following:

"The sceptre of empire is not the sceptre that best befits the hand of woman: nor is the field of carnage, her field of glory."

It is evident that the author entertained the same views of empire and glory that Caesar and Bonaparte cherished, and descending from the higher grades of violence and blood—which have equally possessed the Hyers and Morrisys of modern days. If such were not the views he meant to express, such is the unfortunate expression which his language has given. Had his lifetime been employed in teaching young men the science of war instead of instructing them in the accomplishments of peace; had he even been trained in the forum or the halls of legislation, instead of the pulpit and the prayer meeting, such expressions would seem to have fallen more naturally, if not more gracefully. But it is no part of our purpose to attempt any thing like censure of the author, or of any sentiments he chooses to express. All that we have said, which may appear to bear in that direction, has been only with the intent to present the expression, stripped of all the enchantment of the justly distinguished name under which it has been placed. In other words, we choose to regard it precisely as we should, had it been uttered by the pugilist Poole, in all the solemnity of his last extreme, upon his bed of blood. It is the idea with which we have to do, and not the man who may have uttered it, but the stand point from which it is viewed, is important to the impressions which may be made.

It will not be claimed by the most ardent advocate of woman's rights, that "the field of carnage is the field of glory." So far, we will have no conflict. But will the Reverend author pretend—will any sensible man pretend—will any Christian man, in or out of the Church, pretend that the field of carnage is man's field of glory? Where, then, the propriety of advancing the notion that the glories of the field of carnage are posited between woman and the rights of self-government. Carry out the principle and it would disfranchise all the clergy, unless they are prepared to contend that the field of carnage is their field of glory.—Carry out the principle, and it would disfranchise

every man of peace. Nay, further, it would deposit all political power at the door of him who had won most renown on the battle field. In short, it is the principle which underlies every military despotism.

And if the Dr. meant by Empire the absolute and despotic exercise of power by one, or a few, at the expense and oppression of the rest, why then we are equally ready to concur with him that the sceptre of empire is not the sceptre that best befits the hand of woman. And we are equally sincere that it ill befits the hand of man. But if we are to understand by empire the dominion which civilization holds over barbarism, the power of virtue over vice, of intellect over physical prowess, or that kind of government which care-equally for the security and happiness of all, then we are at issue and ready to do battle in the true spirit of manhood, for our side of the question. In doing so, we shall not attempt nor be anxious to spike the learned Doctor's guns, but be content to seek no further advantage than we may gain by turning his own artillery against him. In truth of his first assertion, he says by way of antithesis, "Home, sweet home, is her theater of action, her pedestal of beauty, and her throne of power."

It is true, it is the only theater upon which she has been allowed to act, and the place of all others, of power conceded at all approximative to man's. It is true that upon that theater she has so conducted as to give to the words "Home, sweet home," a thrilling charm which no other words in the English language have, or ever had, or ever will have. It is true, that on that theater stands the only throne she has ever been permitted to command, except as she has been exhibited in the strait-waist coat, prepared and tied on by man. And it is true, as a general rule, that the less her power upon that throne is restricted by the marital veto, the more harmonious and happy the empire, that the more perfect her authority, the more significant the application of the terms, "Home, sweet home." It is true that home, the family circle as it exists under woman's dominion, is incomparably in advance of all other circles, all other institutions, and all other combinations of which the great body is composed. This holds its verity, whether we look to the Church, with its sessions and synods, or to the State, with its councils and tribunals, or to the vast variety of voluntary associations of an eleemosynary, literary and scientific character, not particularly belonging to either. And this superiority in the practical developments and realization of the virtues and adornments of life, as manifested around the domestic altars, owes its existence to the facts that woman is allowed a voice in this empire of home, and a substantive being as a part of the family circle; while in all the other institutions and associations to which we have referred, she is not heard by person or by proxy—her assent or dissent, though sometimes equally the subject of their action, is never asked or permitted; and except when they come to the imposition of the burdens of society, her very existence is ignored. That all this difference in favor of the home circle, is attributable to the superior personal worth and superior administrative capacity of woman, in the management of human affairs, is abundantly manifest, both in past history and present experience. Men may rear palaces, embellish gorgeously, furnish luxuriously and fare sumptuously, but without woman's presence and counsel, and aid, can never make them "Home, sweet home." Comfortable as they may be, in all external arrangements and physical plenitude, in social attraction and enchantments, they will be desolate as the December blast. On the contrary, with woman to administer, it needs not a palace. The humblest cottage and the humblest fare will suffice, and we have "Home, sweet home."

The reader will please to remember that woman is on trial, and the question is, whether she is included within that order of beings "that are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights—that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." In fewer words, whether she is within that category of humanity, endowed with sufficient capacities to entitle her to the rights of self-gov-

ernment. For claiming that she is, she is charged with indecent behavior, and prosecuted for breach of womanly decorum. The act, she admits—the criminality, she denies. The prosecution have summed up and rested the case. To make out the criminality, they rely upon the fact that woman has exhibited vastly superior administrative capacity upon the only theater whereon she has ever been privileged to exercise any. From that they argue that it is criminal for her to claim any share in the administration of other human affairs. This opens the whole chapter of woman's rights and the absurdly inconsequent argumentation of its opponents.

Present limits forbid further notice now, but hereafter we propose to pursue the subject.

SENEX.

For the Lily.

ROSE COTTAGE, MEDINA, March 12, 1855.

MRS. BIRDSALL—I think you must have mingled with more reformatory people than it has been my lot to, or you would not be able to say, "Yet we have never yet met an intelligent woman, but but who felt the importance of the preservation of woman's individuality, and was unwilling to grant to any the power to prohibit her, if she choose, from participating in the making of laws in which none more than she, have a more vital interest.—This is almost universally acknowledged to be woman's right—we only hear its expediency sometimes doubted." People are considered more reformatory upon the Western Reserve than elsewhere in Ohio, yet I continually hear of intelligent women who refuse to endorse one claim that we demand for woman. I have held a long controversy upon this point—"woman's individuality"—with two well educated and intelligent ladies (they moved in the higher circles,) who declared it to be their full conviction that woman's greatest strength and power lay in this very deprivation of her individuality. Her dependence upon her husband for everything—name, support, reputation, &c., were the very cords which bound the husband in love and honor to stay by, protect, support and defend this helpless creature." And that were they of the other sex, and woman ever succeeded in subverting the present order of things, they would never marry. One continued thus: "If I were to demand equal rights to property and to the avocations of life, and sought to claim my own earnings, I should very much fear that my husband would leave me to support myself in my independent position."

I mingle with many intelligent women who think laws protect woman as far as consistent with her duties and her appropriate sphere. I know these women have never scanned the laws narrowly, yet they are truly intelligent in the general acceptance of the term. I must reiterate my declaration that "were women woman's friend, half of this great reform would be achieved to-day."

I know there is a decided gain from year to year in favor of woman's claim. One thing I consider particularly encouraging. The most perfect specimens of model women, or rather those who have been free through life to think, speak and act for themselves until their minds have become matured in strong, healthy bodies, are the ones who generally embrace our sentiments, and not hesitate to declare them. They are women, too, of influence. I take this as an omen that mental and physical culture will in good time bring the minds of women generally into harmony with the truth; and that our enemies among our sex will be those who are enervated by fashionable dissipation, and corrupted by false example, and rendered vain by a superficial education. This seems conclusive to me, and renders me hopeful for the future.

There is, it is true, a very large class of women here who acknowledge that our laws should be so far modified as to grant married women the right of holding a share of the property they help their husband's accumulate, and have also a legal right to their children, with some other changes of less consequence, but they are very cautious about claiming elective franchise for woman.

Hoping your most sanguine views will be fully realized, and the self-devotion of an earnest mind, will speedily meet its reward in seeing the cause you advocate crowned with the most perfect success.

I am yours, truly,

M. A. BRONSON.



For the Lily.

**HARD CIDER.**

"I thank thee, Lucy, for the word,  
It nerves my heart, it steels my pen."

DEAR LILY—In the very interesting article by Lucy, in your number of February 15th, we find the word "hard cider," and in a moment we resolve to submit to the readers of your spicy leaves the following, taken from a temperance address, which, owing to our being afraid to "speak in meeting," was read by our honorable Secretary, at one of our late temperance meetings. We believe cider to be one of the "seducing spirits" that lead men astray, and we would that they "be not partakers of its sins, lest they be partakers of its plagues also."

Those who are cultivating apple orchards and raising up children, should look well to the consequences of making and using cider as a beverage. Though sweet cider is considered a harmless drink, yet who, when a love for it is imbibed, shall be able to draw the line of demarcation between sweet and sour, either for himself or for his neighbors, when disposed to use it at all for drink. A delicate point at issue, indeed. We believe much of the misery of drunkenness originates in cider and wine drinking, and it requires not a little caution and high resolve to guard against it in time to come. There is no more argument that our apples, grapes or currants should be appropriated to evil purposes, than that our spare cash or our talents should be thrown away or unprofitably spent.

"Who that surveys this span of earth we press—  
This speck of life through Time's great wilderness—  
This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas—  
The Past, the Future—two eternities,  
Would sully the bright spot and leave it bare,  
When he might build him a proud temple there,  
And when he dies, to leave his lofty name  
A light, a land mark, on the cliffs of Fame:  
A name that long shall hallow all that space,  
And be each noble soul's high resting place."

Is there a father here who can behold without concern, his son drinking deep of the wine-cup? Let him beware that his own example be not the primary cause of that son's ruin, and a life-time remorse. Is there a mother here, who can for a moment wish or believe her darling will grow up and become a drunkard? Let her be careful how she administers the poison to his infant ills.

And you, sisters, with hearts beaming with kindness and affection, we beseech you to raise your voice against the evil in all its forms, for it has many, and you can do much for or against this high and holy undertaking. Many a friend and brother has sunk down to darkness and the drunkard's grave, by the sanction of female friends, who participated in the glowing wine. Think and act while yet you may.

Little boys and girls, when you are sick, don't think nothing can make you well again but having your medicine (if you must take that,) put into wine or whisky. Be good and thoughtful children, about this, and you may grow to be good and wise and great men and women, just such as it takes to make a free and mighty nation.

There is nothing so encouraging to the vender of these deleterious articles as the patronage he receives from men and women possessing temperance principles. They tell him they *must* have a little for the time of need, &c. He gives his shoulders a significant know nothing shrug, as much as to say, "You want what you want, and you shall have it; if you can't make a little sacrifice, why need I?" Next to their money, he values the patronage and sanction coming from sources like these.

Yes, my friends, "there is more rejoicing in a rum shop over one customer like this, than there is over ninety and nine *used up* toppers, who have expended their all for the body and soul-destroying fire, yet who linger round for the sake of inhaling the delicious odor that permeates the atmosphere as the *goody* flows from his cask into the temperance man's—jug—(dear Lily we come very near saying the temperance man's whisky jug,) but let us forbear, &c. So long as we bring excuses like these for our little indulgences, so long, and yet no longer may we call for a Maine Law. Yet vain will be the call. Intemperance will never be eradicated so long as the work is left undone at home; it is here that the God-given impulse should grow and flourish, and gain strength for the weak and

faultering ones. O for the love of those dear homes and the love that makes brighter and warmer their hearthstones, and for the duties we owe one to another, as travelers bound to the same everlasting kingdom, let us make these little sacrifices, and do without our wine and cider, and our whisky pickles, and feed not the animality of our natures to the hinderance of our spiritual growth and expansion, but encourage associations with proper and wholesome influences, physical, temporal and spiritual, nor expect when the work of reformation shall be completed, to step in under the cloak of our profession for a share of the honors, due only to those to whom honor belongs.

Many years ago, far away, where the morning sunbeams are broken upon the rocks that are piled in grandeur high above the peaceful waves of the river Po, there lived a man who was rich in this world's wealth, and among his possessions was a cider press. He made and drank cider—he drank it because the habit of drinking made him love it—and he had not learned that habit is a tyrant whose yoke is iron strong, and binds both body and soul, (the outer and inner man,) the captives of its power. He drank cider and his son followed his example. He drank and loved it, too. They both drank deep and often, and by degrees, as their health was impaired, and their strength weakened, something a little stronger was needed to brace them up. And you would weep—your tears would flow like rain drops, could you witness the train of sorrows that cider drinking wrought in the destiny of that family. They had beautiful fields and orchards that yielded their bounteous stores, and many were the wants and distresses relieved by the kindness and benevolence of the old man and his family. But the undermining enemy was there, and slowly but surely the work of destruction went on. The seasons came and went, the flowers lifted up their beautiful heads in the fullness of their glory—the golden harvests were gathered in, and the fine rich fruit ripened upon the boughs. The songs of birds were heard within the orchard trees, and had that old man listened to their notes, as they came upon his ear at morning, noon or evening, he might have construed them into friendly admonitions against traducing the luscious apples into the destroying angel that worked his own, his sons, or his neighbor's ruin.

And still the seasons came and went, and the flowers continued to send their beauty and fragrance up and out upon the air, and the birds sang, and the trees put forth foliage and fruit, but neither the song of bird, nor the verdure of trees, nor bloom of flowers, made glad the eye or charmed the ear, or lightened the sorrow that was settling more and more heavy upon the inmates of the dwelling there. No, deeper and heavier became the load of woe—for ever the creaking of that cider press was sounding in their ears, and the nice blue pitcher that might have held the clear, pure water for them all, was too often carried from the hearth to the press, and from the press to the hearth again, filled with cider, which disappeared in frequent and copious draughts, while the pleading tears of woman fell unheeded. Often and often have we seen that old man and his son sitting by the fire in the family mansion, around whose hearthstone so many endearing scenes should have clustered, with trembling eyes, looking so unutterably worthless and miserable that, child, as we were, we wept for fallen man. And time passed on, and with it passed away the old man's possessions. Cider and its concomitants had done their work. That beautiful farm and all the monuments of their early thrift and industry are beautiful still; but they are now the property of a temperate and thriving farmer. The old man was borne to his grave in poverty, but not before he and his aged wife had become charges upon their relatives. And the son, too, has gone to his long sleep, and the drunkard's grave is his resting place. In youth he was handsome and intelligent, and was bound to one whom he promised to love, cherish and protect; and although she was not his equal in beauty or intelligence, yet was she transcendently his superior in the knowledge and practice of the duties of this life; but like a summer flower overtaken by the early frost winds, she withered and sunk down into the quiet earth. She had known no quiet home with him, and it was

chiefly from her "memory's storehouse," or from the great future beyond that she derived the little sunshine rays. The present was being launched upon a troubled sea and vainly reaching for the shore. But she did, and left two worse than orphaned children, to buffet the adverse waves—to grow up to manhood, to learn the withering, blighting truth, that the cause of their poverty and neglect had its origin in the cider press.

The poor, infatuated father, to hide from himself the ruin he had wrought—drank deeper and deeper of the "maddening bowl," till delirium tremens put a period to his misdirected life; and he, like his aged sire, was borne unlamented away from the gaze of his fellow man forever.

Let us pity him, for he is our brother in eternity—let us pity him that he was led on by a father's example, and became the victim of a monster all too strong for his undeveloped powers—let us pity him that he lived in a community that sanctioned the self destruction of its noblest and best citizens—let us pity him for very pity's sake—for pity, love and mercy are three great angels sent as the mediums of God's holy power, to redeem man from his errors, and give him, while here, a foretaste of that happiness his spirit, "freed from the taint of earth," shall experience when he arrives at that good home where sorrow cannot go. Let us weep that his sun of glory went down in the dark empire of that fiery king, whose cradle was the cider press. And weep for the early blighted one, for though she is a sister spirit, and her robes have been made white, yet the morning light of her life was wrapt in the clouds and storms that darken the drunkard's dwelling. And now their children are as ours may become, poor and degraded, and a prey to vices that unborn generations may claim as their only inheritance—or bright and shining lights illuminating the pathway of happiness and honor and glory unceasing, now and forever.

E. K. BLACKFAN.

For the Lily.

**Woman's Claims not Understood.**

MRS. BIRDSALL:—I have no wrongs in mind, which have come under my own observation, so cruel as some I find commented upon in the columns of the Lily, yet there are many, and various wrongs which help to make up the every day scenes of woman's life, which are worthy of notice, however trifling they may appear to those who have thought little on the subject. They appear trifling, because they are customs of so long standing, and so common occurrence and apparently so easily borne.

Since I became a reader of the Lily and investigator of the subject of "Woman's Rights," I have observed many who declare they have all the rights they wish, or could attend to; and others who lament the crippled condition of their sex, and contrast it with that of man, and sigh to be free; but know no alternative but meekly to submit to what is law and custom. They hear woman's rights ridiculed as though she were contending for the right to rule over man, instead of becoming his equal, and have no means to inform themselves differently. If called upon to subscribe for a paper which would inform them on the subject, they almost always express a desire to do so, but acknowledge that they toil from early dawn, till late at night to do their part towards earning a competence for all their wants, and yet have not fifty cents at their command, nor would it be considered proper for them to demand or lay any claim to even so trifling a sum as that. If they obtain the sum it must be by begging, and of this she has become weary and sick, besides the husband becomes indifferent to repeated calls, questions her judgment in expenditures.—Many a silent tear has glistened on the cheek of the wife, as she reflects on her poverty, and the low estimate on her abilities. This has caused her to lose confidence in self, besides limiting her usefulness—and I have often left such with the conviction deepened in my mind, that woman suffered many wrongs, and that of having no command of her earnings was something more than a trifling consideration.

I contend if woman's rights were admitted by all, and she fully understood her duty, she would command more respect, and be more worthy of respect.  
Millport, Pa. MILLY.



The following gentle lines were written only for the eyes of a home-band. Thanks to the author for the permit to have them grace our Lily's page:

#### THE STILLNESS OF NIGHT.

The stillness of night is a solemn delight,  
To those who are weary with care;  
And when free from the toils and busy turmoils,  
They turn to the solace of prayer.

And oft find a balm, a heavenly calm,  
For griefs that would sink into gloom,  
And turn into light, the darkness of night,  
With brilliancy bright as the noon.

Oh! this heavenly power can hallow the hour,  
The sweet quiet hour of night,  
When all eyes are closed in gentle repose,  
And make it a scene of delight.

'Tis then that the mind most surely can find,  
Communion with spirits that shine,  
And intercourse so holy and pure,  
With Him who is wholly Divine.

Ah! the stillness of night brings a halo of light,  
To the spirit weary and worn,  
With days troubled cares of trials and snares,  
Of a heart left in silence to mourn.

For 'tis then that the soul in fervency rolls,  
To the only true source of delight,  
And sometimes feels blest with a season of rest,  
And thanks God for the stillness of night.

GUERNSEY CO., OHIO.

The following excellent extract from an article in the Palladium, on "Agricultural Education," by Barnabas C. Hobbs, we intended for our last paper, but it, with several others, was crowded out. We take high pleasure in giving this a place in our columns. The author's name will revive in many hearts, memories not only pleasant but profitable:

General intelligence must run through the household. It must belong to the daughter as well as the sons. It makes good husbands and good wives and interesting neighbors. When the agriculturist's social feelings are properly cultivated he learns the value of home. He has taste and ideality. He knows how to fix up things. He loses the relish of pig-sty perfumery for the yard and parlor, and has a place for pigs, chickens, geese and turkeys. He keeps drains for the pump, and dish tub, and a barrel for the swill. He likes white wash from collar to garret; is discontented unless things are neat, and sweet, and clean. His fences, and barn, and out-houses are all in order and adjusted according to mathematical taste and precision. He has an assortment of good fruit, and his vines and trees are kept trimmed and healthy. He is not wholly absorbed in money making, but can see beauty in other things than silver. He commands his business, keeps out of debt, and ventures according to his means. He has time to attend to social duties, and a heart to show hospitality. He can comfort the widow, and help the poor, and counsel the prodigal. In fine, the truly intelligent farmer is a dignified gentleman, and a citizen embracing those qualities which elevate labor and give an anchor for the hope and prosperity of his country.

In all these acquirements female education should be a counterpart, that can make woman a crown to her husband. In order that home should be agreeable, and a place desirable for rest and comfort, a soul should move in its center, that is above the automaton. What is more to be lamented than a disconsolate, uneducated, dispirited, unsocial farmer's wife. One who only washes and cooks and spins, and spins and washes, and cooks, from week to week and from year to year, who never reads even a newspaper, nor talks of anything but sickness and work. How can home be a magnet when this is all the attraction? I know a mother can love and cherish her in a cottage with but few comforts about her, and can be loved in turn by those who are linked to her by consanguinity, but to rise to her true place and to command an intellectual sphere to live in the minds as well as the hearts of her people, to

be able to enter into the affairs of her husband, so as to aid him as she may by her counsel at home, and by commanding in his absence, to anticipate the wants of her sons and daughters, as they run the rapid race to maturity and to business life, and to train them in correct habits and manners, and indoctrinate them in correct moral views, requires that her mind should be expanded, that her education should be equal to her wants. What a happy country ours would be if every daughter were household, and content herself with an humble life thoroughly, practically, and sensibly educated; educated so that she could love rather than hate labor, and so that she can feel that whatever is useful is honorable, and that it is no disgrace for her to wait on herself. When this is the intellectual character of the agriculturist, and these are the blessings by which he is surrounded, he will no longer stoop to labor, like the Athenian philosopher he will bring it up to him. When he is young he will learn what he may successfully practice when he becomes old, and in all the independence of intelligent, refined rural life, he can sit contentedly under his own vine, and fulfill the great destiny appointed him, to replenish the earth and subdue it.

VANITY—They who do speak ill of themselves, do so mostly as the surest way of proving how modistly and candid they are.—Anon

#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

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#### COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

WILL promptly attend to all legal business, entrusted to him in Western Iowa and Nebraska Territory. He will also give particular attention to the purchase and sale of lands, for farming purposes; and also of Town Lots, in Council Bluffs and other places in Iowa; and in Omaha City, Winter Quarters, Bellevue, and other towns in Nebraska Territory; the investigation of land titles, the payment of taxes for non-residents, the investment of money in real estate and all business connected with the Land Office in the district. Information in relation to the country, will be at all times freely communicated to persons addressing him on the subject, by letter or otherwise.

#### REFERENCES:

C. Voorhes & Co., Council Bluffs, Iowa.  
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James Peck & Co., Chicago, Illinois.  
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Henry Haigh, Detroit, Michigan.  
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OFFICE—on Pacific street, a few doors south of the Pacific House, and near the Land Office.

Mr. B. will be in Council Bluffs early in April, and prepared to attend to all business that may be entrusted to him.

Dec. 15, 1854.

DRESS OF CIRCASSIAN WOMEN.—With respect to the state dress of the women, blue silk is the favorite material for the robe, which is generally braided with gold and silver, and confined at the waist by a girdle similarly ornamented, fastened with a large silver or gold clasp, and if to this we add a light shawl of some gay color, partly arranged as a turban, and partly falling in graceful folds over the neck and shoulders, with a thin muslin veil, sufficiently large to envelope the entire figure, we have the gala costume of one of the daughters of Circassia. The reader may imagine the effect of such a lovely apparition, attended, like Diana, by a favorite dog, in the midst of the charming scenery of that romantic land. If the fair vision should chance to attract the admiring glance of a gallant knight in search of a wife, he can always tell by the color of her trousers whether the wearer be maid or widow; virgin white being worn by the young girls, red by her who has assumed the duties of matron, and blue by the hapless dame who mourns the death of her lord. In everything else the dress is similar, except that the hair of the young dame, instead of falling on the neck and shoulders like that of the married woman, is arranged in a thick plait behind, confined by a silver cord.—*Spencer's Turkey, Russia, the Black Sea and Carcassia.*

#### New Lebanon Springs Water Cure.

THIS House, kept by Dr. BUSH, is now open.—The institution, one of the oldest and most successful in this country, is situated in an exceedingly healthy region, in the midst of beautiful and varied scenery, and is supplied with every thing requisite for the successful prosecution of the

#### Water Treatment.

The house, situated opposite the famous Warm Spring, is commodious, has two full sets of Baths, of every desirable variety, and is supplied with an abundance of the purest and softest water. At the distance of a short walk from the house is a Cold Spring the temperature of which never rises above 45° F.—Here we have rooms fitted up with all the necessary baths; while in the house, besides the water at the usual temperature, we have the water from the Warm Spring, which is never below 72° F. These varieties of temperature give us advantages in the treatment of diseases not possessed by any other Establishment in the country. Especially is it unequalled as a place of Winter treatment, while it is not excelled as a place of Summer resort.

The treatment of disease with water is no longer an experiment; its efficacy has been proved by most abundant observation and experience—observation and experience, too, not by the empirics attracted to the system on account of its simplicity and fancied safety, but by those most conversant with all there is of science in medicine. It is now acknowledged by the intelligent of all schools to be successful in many cases where all other means have failed, while those familiar with its principles and practice, regard it as almost a specific in all acute diseases, such as Small Pox, Scarletina, Measles, the various forms of Fevers, &c., while for Chronic diseases it is the only remedy. Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Constipation, Spinal and Nervous Diseases and Consumption in its first stages are always cured or greatly relieved by the Water Treatment. Seminal Weaknesses, also, are almost certainly relieved under this system.

Dr. B. will devote his attention especially to the cure of these diseases peculiar to females, many of which are very distressing and hopeless under the ordinary mode of treatment, while they are almost always cured by a judicious course under the Water Cure. The pains and perils of pregnancy and childbirth are very greatly mitigated by this mode of treatment.

TERMS—From \$7 to \$12 per week, according to room and attention, including Board, Treatment and Medical advice. All extra attention subject to extra charge. Persons taking their meals in their rooms will be charged \$1 per week extra. Clergymen and others of moderate means can obtain a gratuitous reduction of these terms.

BILLS PAYABLE AT THE OFFICE EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Each patient will furnish two large woolen blankets, two comfortables, three linen or cotton sheets, and a few towels. These can be hired at \$1 per week. Washing in the establishment from 50c to \$1 per dozen—an extra charge for clothes not marked. Experienced nurses will be constantly in attendance, and every means used to facilitate a cure.

WM. S. BUSH & CO.

New Lebanon Springs, N. Y., March, 1855.

New Lebanon Springs is accessible by Stage daily from Albany, 25 miles, or from Canaan, on the Western Railroad, 7 miles, on the arrival of each train.